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OF

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

COMPILED BY

A NORTH CAROLINA LADY.



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# SONGS OF LOVE AND LIBERTY.

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## **"We Conquer or Die."**

*Composed by Jas. Pierpont.*

The war drum is beating, prepare for the fight,  
The stern bigot Northman exults in his might;  
Gird on your bright weapons, your foemen are nigh  
And this be our watchword, "We conquer or die."

The trumpet is sounding from mountain to shore,  
Your swords and your lances must slumber no more,  
Fling forth to the sunlight your banner on high,  
Inscribed with the watchword, "We conquer or die."

March on the battlefield, there to do or dare,  
With shoulder to shoulder, all danger to share,  
And let your proud watchword ring up to the sky,  
Till the blue arch re-echoes, "We conquer or die."

Press forward undaunted nor think of retreat,  
The enemy's host on the threshold to meet;  
Strike firm, till the foeman before you shall fly,  
Appalled by the watchword, "We conquer or die."

Go forth in the pathway our forefathers trod,  
 We, too, fight for freedom—our Captain is God,  
 Their blood in our veins, with their honors we vie,  
 Theirs, too, was the watchword, "We conquer or die."

We strike for the South—Mountain, Valley and Plain,  
 For the South we will conquer again and again;  
 Her day of salvation and triumph is nigh,  
 Ours, then, be the watchword, "We conquer or die."



From the Greenville, Ala. Observer.

### **War Song of the Partizan Rangers.**

DEDICATED TO CAPT. JOHN H. MORGAN.

*By Benjamin F. Porter.*

Air:—"McGregor's Gathering."

The forests are green by the homes of the South,  
 But the hearth-stones are red with the blood of her  
 youth:

Unfurl the black banner o'er mountain and vale,  
 Let the war-cry of vengeance swell loud on the gale.

CHORUS.

Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,  
 While there's leaf in the forest, and foam on the river,  
 The cry of the South shall be Vengeance Forever!

Each drop of the blood of our children they've shed,  
 Our foes shall atone for, in heaps of their dead!  
 The signal for fight which our forefathers knew,  
 Shall be heard in their midst in our vengeful halloo.

CHORUS.—Then gather, &c.

Thro' their cities our horsemen with sword and with  
 flame,  
 Shall carry the dread of the Southerner's name !  
 At the sound of our bugles their strong men shall  
 quail,  
 And the cheeks of their wives and their mothers turn  
 pale.

CHORUS.—Then gather, &c.,

They have blasted our fields—they have slaughtered  
 our youth,  
 And dishonored the names of the maids of the South ;  
 But the rivers shall dry, and the mountains be riven,  
 Ere vengeance be quenched or our wrongs be forgiven.

CHORUS.—Then gather, &c.

Then rally from forest and rally from ford,  
 Give their homes to the flame, and their sons to the  
 sword ;  
 While a child shall be born in the South, let its cry  
 Be "Death to the Northman, and vengeance for aye!"

CHORUS.—Then gather, &c.

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### Listen to the Mocking Bird.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,  
 I'm dreaming now of Hally,  
 For the thought of her is one that never dies ;  
 She is sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,  
 She is sleeping in the valley,  
 And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.

Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,  
 Ah! well I yet remember,  
 When we gathered in the cotton side by side,  
 'Twas in the mild September, September, September,  
 'Twas in the mild September,  
 And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken,  
 When the charms of spring awaken,  
 And the mocking bird is singing on the bough,  
 I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken,  
 I feel like one forsaken,  
 Since my Hally is no longer with me now.

Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Listen to the mocking bird,  
 Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

## Fairy Belle.

The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell,  
Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy Belle;  
The sound of her light step may be heard upon the hill,  
Like the fall of the snow-drop or the dripping of the rill.

CHORUS.

Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle,  
The star of the night and the lily of the day,  
Fairy Belle, the queen of all the dell,  
Long may she revel on her bright sunny way.

She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the streams,  
She laughs in the sunlight, and smiles while in her  
dreams;  
Her hair, like the thistle down, is borne upon the air,  
And her heart, like the humming bird's, is free from  
every care.

CHORUS.—Fairy Belle, &c.

Her soft notes of melody around me sweetly fall;  
Her eye full of love, is now beaming on my soul;  
The sound of that gentle voice, the glance of that eye,  
Surround me with rapture that no other heart could  
sigh.

CHORUS.—Fairy Belle, &c.

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## Dearest Spot of Earth.

*By W. T. Wrighton.*

The dearest spot of earth to me  
Is home, sweet home!  
The fairy land I long to see  
Is home, sweet home.

There how charmed the sense of hearin'  
 There where love is so endearing!  
 All the world is not so cheering  
 As home, sweet home!

## CHORUS.

The dearest spot of earth to me  
 Is home, sweet home!  
 The fairy land I long to see  
 Is home, sweet home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize  
 My home, sweet home!  
 I've learned to look with lover's eyes  
 On home, sweet home!  
 There, where vows are truly plighted!  
 There, where hearts are so united!  
 All the world besides I've slighted  
 For home, sweet home!  
 The dearest spot of earth, &c.

**Do They Miss Me at Home.**

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?  
 'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
 To know that this moment some loved one  
 Were saying I wish he were here,  
 To feel that the group at the fireside  
 Were thinking of me as I roam,  
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure  
 To know that they miss me at home,  
 To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season  
That ever is sacred to song,  
Does some one repeat my name over,  
And sigh that I tarry so long?  
And is there a chord in the music  
That's miss'd when my voice is away,  
And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
Regret at my wearisome stay,  
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,  
When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh,  
When the candles are lit in the parlor,  
And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
And when the "good nights" are repeated,  
And all lay them down to their sleep,  
Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
A whispered "good night" while they weep,  
A whispered "good night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me  
At morning, at noon, or at night,  
And lingers one gloomy shade round them  
That only my presence can light?  
Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
And pleasures less hale than before,  
Because one is miss'd from the circle,  
Because I am with them no more,  
Because I am with them no more?



**There's Life in the Old Land Yet.**

*Words by James R. Randall.*

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash,  
The tyrant's war-shout comes  
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash,  
And the growl of his sullen drums;  
We hear it—we heed it—with vengeful thrills,  
And we shall not forgive or forget—  
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills,  
There's life in the Old Land yet!

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead;  
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;  
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph tread  
Of the peerless Beauregard.  
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,  
When the Southern braves are met—  
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword,  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind,  
With the clank of an iron chain—  
The spirit of Freedom sings in the wind  
O'er Merryman, Thomas and Kane;  
And we, though we smite not, are not thralls—  
We are piling a gory debt;  
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls,  
There's life in the Old Land yet!

Our women have hung their harps away,  
And they scowl on your brutal bands,  
While the nimble poignard dares the day  
In their dear, defiant hands;



They will strip their tresses to string our bows,  
 Ere the Northern sun is set—  
 There's faith in their unrelenting woes—  
 There's life in the Old Land yet!

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins—  
 'Tis vocal without noise—  
 It gushes o'er Manassa's solemn plains  
 From the blood of the Maryland boys.  
 That blood shall cry aloud, and rise  
 With an everlasting threat—  
 By the death of the brave, by the God in the skies,  
 There's life in the Old Land yet!

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### Bonny Jean.

O the summer is brightly glowing,  
 The wild birds wake their song,  
 And the streamlet, as it softly murmurs,  
 So gently glides along,

#### CHORUS.

Where the sweet hedge-rose is blowing,  
 In the woodlands green;  
 There I love to wander with my heart's true queen,  
 My bonny, bonny Jean.

Yet, 'tis not the rosy tint of summer,  
 Nor the song-bird's joyous lay,  
 Nor the streamlet's soft and murmuring music,  
 That makes my heart feel gay;

## CHORUS.

'Tis her smile that beams upon me, 'mid each flow'ry  
scene ;

While I love to wander with my heart's true queen,  
My bonny, bonny Jean.

"Bonny Jean," your smiles are always with me,  
When absent, love, from thee,  
Making joy and sunshine round my path-way,  
Wherever I may be,

## CHORUS.

May they ever beam upon me, in this mortal scene ;  
While I fondly wander with my heart's true queen,  
My bonny, bonny Jean.

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### Dixie War Song.

*Words by H. S. Stanton, Esq.*

Hear ye not the sounds of battle,  
Sabres clash and muskets rattle?

To arms ! to arms ! to arms in Dixie !

Hostile footsteps on our border,

Hostile columns tread in order,

To arms ! to arms ! to arms in Dixie !

## CHORUS.

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie !

To arms ! to arms !

From Dixie's land we'll route the band,

That comes to conquer Dixie,

To arms !

To arms ! and route the foe from Dixie.

See the red smoke hanging o'er us!

Hear the cannon's booming chorus!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

See our steady columns forming,

Hear the shouting! hear the storming!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

CHORUS.—Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.

Gird your loins with sword and sabre,

Give your lives to freedom's labor!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

What though every hearth be saddened?

What though all the land be reddened?

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

CHORUS.—Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.

Shall this boasting, mad invader

Trample Dixie and degrade her?

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

By our fathers' proud example!

Southern soil they shall not trample!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

CHORUS.—Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.

Southrons meet them on the border!

Charge them into wild disorder!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Hew the Vandals down before you!

Till the last inch they restore you!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

CHORUS.—Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.

Through the echoing hills resounding,

Hear the Southern bugles sounding,

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

Arouse from every hill and valley,

List the bugle! rally! rally!

To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

CHORUS.—Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.

## The Cottage by the Sea.

Childhood's days now pass before me,  
Forms and scenes of long ago,  
Like a dream they hover o'er me,  
Calm and bright as evening's glow;  
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,  
When my young heart, pure and free,  
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow,  
In the cottage by the sea,  
Joyful hail'd each coming morrow,  
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose-tree twining  
Round the old and rustic door,  
And below the white beach shining,  
Where I gather'd shells of yore,  
Hears my mother's gentle warning,  
As she took me on her knee;  
And I feel again life's morning,  
In the cottage by the sea,  
And I feel again life's morning,  
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

What though years have rolled above me,  
Though mid fairer scenes I roam,  
Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee,  
Childhood's dear and happy home!  
And when life's long day is closing,  
Oh, how pleasant would it be,  
On some faithful breast reposing,  
In the cottage by the sea,  
On some faithful breast reposing,  
In the cottage, the cottage by the

**The Officer's Funeral.**

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling,  
It pierceth the soft summer air!  
Tears from each comrade are falling,  
For the widow and orphan are there!  
The bayonets earthward are turning,  
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around,  
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,  
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound;  
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,  
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier! tho' many regret thee,  
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,  
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee,  
And thy name from the earth pass away.  
The man thou didst love as a brother,  
A friend in thy place will have gained,  
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,  
And thy steed by a stranger be rein'd,  
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,  
And thy steed by a stranger be rein'd,

But tho' hearts that now mourn for thee sadly,  
Soon joyous as ever shall be,  
Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh gladly,  
As he sits on some comrade's kind knee,  
There is one who shall still pay the duty  
Of tears for the true and the brave,  
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,  
She wept o'er the soldier's grave,  
As when first in the bloom of her beauty  
She wept o'er the soldier's grave.

## Ever of Thee.

*Words by G. Linley.*

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,  
 Thy gentle voice my spirit it can cheer;  
 Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,  
 Shone e'er my path when all was dark and drear.  
 Still in my heart thy form I cherish,  
 Every kind thought like a bird flies to thee;  
 Oh! never till life and mem'ry perish,

### CHORUS.

Can I forget how dear thou art to me;  
 Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,  
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee!  
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee!

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,  
 Wandering afar my soul joy'd to dwell;  
 Ah! then I felt I loved thee only;  
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.  
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish;  
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;  
 Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish,

CHORUS.—Can I forget, &c.

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## I See Her Still in My Dreams.

While the flow'rs bloom in gladness and spring birds  
 rejoice,  
 There's a void in our household of one gentle voice.  
 The form of a loved one hath passed from the light,  
 But the sound of her foot-fall returns with the night.

## CHORUS.

For I see her still in my dreams, I see her still in my  
dreams,

Though her smiles have departed from the meadows  
and the streams,

I see her still in my dreams, I see her still in my  
dreams,

Though her smiles have departed from the meadows  
and the streams.

Tho' her voice once familiar, hath gone from the day,  
And her smiles from the sunlight have faded away,  
Though I wake to a scene now deserted and bleak,  
In my visions I find the lost form that I seek,

CHORUS.—For I see her still in my dreams, &c.



## **The Bonnie Blue Flag.**

*Words and Music by Harry Macarthy.*

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,  
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil,  
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose  
near and far,

Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single  
star,

## CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights! Hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single  
star!



As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,  
Like friends and like brothers we were kind, we were  
just;  
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights  
to mar,  
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a sin-  
gle star!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! &c.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;  
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;  
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,  
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! &c.

Ye men of Valor, gather 'round the banner of the  
Right!  
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;  
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen  
rare,  
Now rally 'round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! &c.

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion  
State;  
With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her  
fate,  
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare  
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star!

CHORUS.—Hurrah! &c.



Then, here's to our Confederacy ! strong we are and  
brave,  
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save ;  
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would pre-  
fer ;  
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single  
star !

CHORUS.—Hurrah ! &c.,

Then cheer, boys, cheer ; raise the joyous shout ;  
Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out,  
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—  
The single star on the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to  
be eleven.

CHORUS.—Hurrah ! &c.

And now to Missouri we extend both heart and hand  
And welcome her a sister of our Confederate band ;  
Tho' surrounded by oppression no tyrant dare deter  
Her adding to our Bonnie Blue Flag her bright and  
twelfth star.

CHORUS.—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Southern Rights !  
Hurrah !

Hurrah ! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained its  
twelfth star.

## The Confederate Flag.

*Written by Mrs. C. D. Elder, of New Orleans.*

[The Music of this glorious anthem is by Sig. G. George, of Norfolk, Virginia.]

Bright banner of Freedom, with pride I unfold thee!  
Fair flag of my country, with love I behold thee,  
Gleaming above us in freshness and youth—  
Emblem of Liberty—symbol of Truth.

### CHORUS.

For this flag of my country in triumph shall wave  
O'er the Southerner's home and the Southerner's  
grave.

All bright are the stars that are beaming upon us,  
And bold are the bars that are gleaming above us—  
The one shall increase in their number and light,  
The other grow bolder in power and might.

CHORUS.—For this flag of my country in triumph shall  
wave, &c.

Those bars of bright red show our firm resolution  
To die, if need be, shielding thee from pollution;  
For man, in this hour, must give all he holds dear,  
And woman her prayers and her words of high cheer.

CHORUS.—If they wish their fair banner in triumph to  
wave, &c.

To the great God of battles we look for reliance—  
On our fierce Northern foe with contempt and defiance;

For the South shall smile on in her fragrance and bloom

When the North is fast sinking in silence and gloom.

CHORUS.—For the flag of our country in triumph must wave, &c.

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### The Volunteer.

*Words and Music by Harry Macarthy.*

I leave my home and thee dear,  
With sorrow at my heart,  
It is my country's call, dear,  
To aid her I depart;  
And on the blood-red battle plain,  
We'll conquer or we'll die;  
'Tis for our honor and our name,  
We raise the battle cry.

#### CHORUS.

Then weep not, dearest, weep not,  
If in her cause I fall,  
O weep not, dearest, weep not,  
It is my country's call.

And yet my heart is sore, love,  
To see thee weeping thus;  
But mark me, there's no fear, love,  
For in heaven is our trust;  
And if the heavy drooping tear  
Swells in my mournful eye,  
It is that Northmen of our land  
Should cause the battle-cry.

CHORUS.—Then weep not, dearest, &c.

Our rights have been usurped, dear,  
By Northmen of our land,  
Fanatics raised the cry, dear,  
Politicians fired the brand.  
The Southrons spurn the galling yoke,  
The tyrant's threats defy,  
They find we've sons like sturdy oak  
To raise the battle-cry.

CHORUS.—Then weep not, dearest, &c.

I knew you'd let me go, pet,  
I saw it in that tear,  
To join the gallant men, pet,  
Who never yet knew fear:  
With Beauregard and Davis,  
We'll gain our cause or die,  
Win battles like Manassas,  
And raise our battle-cry.

CHORUS.—Then weep not, dearest, &

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### **Let me Kiss Him for His Mother**

*Words and Music by J. P. Ordway.*

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
Let me kiss his dear youthful brow;  
I will love him for his Mother,  
And seek her blessing now.  
Kind friends have soothed his pillow,  
Have watched his every care,  
Beneath the weeping willow,  
Oh lay him gently there.

## CHORUS.

Sleep, dearest, sleep,  
I love you as a brother;  
Kind friends around you weep,  
I've kissed you for your Mother.

Let me kiss him for his Mother,  
What though left a lone stranger here,  
She has loved him as none other,  
I feel her blessing near.  
Though cold that form lies sleeping,  
Sweet angels watch around,  
Dear friends are near thee weeping,  
O lay him gently gently down.

CHORUS.—Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

Let me kiss him for his Mother,  
Or perchance a fond sister dear;  
If a father or a brother,  
I know their blessing's here.  
Then kiss him for his Mother,  
'Twill sooth her after years,  
Farewell, dear stranger, brother,  
Our requiems, our tears.

CHORUS.—Sleep, dearest, sleep, &c.

**Annie Laurie.**

Maxwelton Braes are bonnie,  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow drift—  
 Her throat is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest,  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 That e'er the sun shone on—  
 And dark blue is her e'e;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like the dew on the gowan lying,  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
 And like the winds in summer sighing  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

**Lorena.**

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,  
The snow is on the grass again,  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;  
The frost gleams where the flowers have been,  
But the heart throbs on as warmly now;  
As when the summer days were nigh,  
Oh! the sun can never dip so low  
A down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,  
Since last I held that hand in mine,  
And felt thy pulse beat fast, Lorena,  
Though mine beat faster far than thine;  
A hundred months, 'twas flow'ry May,  
When up the hilly slope we climbed,  
'To watch the dying of the day,  
And hear the distant church-bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,  
More than we ever cared to tell;  
And what we might have been, Lorena,  
Had but our lovings prospered well;  
But then, 'tis past, the years are gone,  
I'll not call up their shadowy forms,  
I'll say to them, "lost years sleep on,  
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storm."

The story of the past, Lorena,  
Alas! I care not to repeat,  
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,  
They lived, but only lived to cheat;

I would not cause even one regret  
To rankle in your bosom now ;  
For "if we try we may forget,"  
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes these were words of thine, Lorena,  
They burn within my memory yet ;  
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,  
That thrill and tremble with regret ;  
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke,  
Thy heart was always true to me,  
A duty stern and pressing broke  
The tie which linked my soul to thee.

It matters little now, Lorena,  
The past is in the eternal past,  
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,  
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.  
There is a future oh ! thank God !  
Of life this is so small a part !  
'Tis dust to dust, beneath the sod,  
But there, *up there*, 'tis heart to heart.



### **Paul Vane, or Lorena's Reply.**

The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul,  
The winters come and go ;  
The winds sweep past with mournful cry, dear Paul,  
And pelt my face with snow ;  
But there's no snow upon the heart, dear Paul,  
'Tis summer always there ;  
Those early loves throw sunshine over all,  
And sweeten mem'ries dear.



I thought it easy to forget, dear Paul,  
Life glowed with youthful hope ;  
The glorious future gleamed yet, dear Paul,  
And bade us clamber up ;  
*They* frowning said, "it must not, can not be ;  
Break now the hopeless bonds !"   
And Paul, you know how well that bitter day,  
I bent to their commands.

I've kept you ever in my heart, dear Paul,  
Through years of good and ill ;  
Our souls could not be torn apart, dear Paul,  
They're bound together still.  
I never knew how dear you were to me  
Till I was left alone ;  
I thought my poor, poor heart would break the day  
They told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet, dear Paul,  
Upon this earth again ;  
But *there*, where happy angels greet, dear Paul,  
You'll meet Lorena there.  
Together up the ever shining way,  
We'll press with hoping heart—  
Together through the bright eternal day,  
And never more to part.

**Lady of the Lake.**

I loved thee in my days of joy,  
When thou wast but a slender boy;  
I loved thee when our hearts were light,  
And youth's gay charms were fond and bright;  
Sweet mem'ry, o'er me casts a spell!  
On those loved hours, oh let me dwell!  
When at the sound of thy dear voice,  
My cheek would flush, my heart rejoice.

Thine eye's sweet flash I'll ne'er forget,  
Nor those sweet smiles when e'er we met;  
If I were sad thy smiles would cheer—  
Thou always smiled when I was near.  
But years have flown since then, and now,  
The stamp of manhood's on thy brow;  
Oh! surely we have sadly changed—  
Fore'er our hearts are now estranged.

And now when clouds of sorrow roll,  
And bitter griefs oppress my soul;  
Thy hand no longer dries the tear,  
Nor wipes away the flood of care.  
And thou may'st wed a fairer flower,  
And bless the happy nuptial bower,  
But will your thoughts not sometimes stray  
To me perhaps, when far away?

And I may be another's bride,  
And the deep sea may us divide,  
Still, still, I can not thee forget—  
I love thee oh! I love thee yet!

But fare thee well ! I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake,  
Where thawing suns refuse to shine,  
Than trust a love so false as thine !

---

### **My Wife and Child.**

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies ;  
The night with solemn pace moves on,  
And sad uneasy thoughts arise.  
I think of thee oh, dearest one !  
Whose love my early life hath blest ;  
Of thee and him our baby son,  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, hover near  
To her whose watchful eye is wet ;  
The mother, wife—the doubly dear,  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.  
Now while she kneels before thy Throne,  
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies !  
No tear is wept to thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies ;

That thou canst stay the ruthless hand  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain ;  
That only by thy stern command  
The battle's lost, the soldier slain ;  
By day, by night—in joy or woe—  
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled,  
From ever danger, every foe,  
Oh, God ! protect my wife and child !

## **All Quiet along the Potomac To-night.**

All quiet along the Potomac to night,  
Except here and there a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a riflemen hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then  
Will not count in the news of the battle :  
Not an officer lost, only one of the men  
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
While the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming  
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn  
moon,  
And the light of the camp fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind  
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,  
While the stars up above with their glittering  
eyes,  
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And thinks of the two on the low trundle bed,  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack, his face dark and grim,  
Grows gentle with memories tender,  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;  
And their mother—"may Heaven defend her."

Then drawing his sleeves roughly over his eyes  
He dashes off the tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,  
And his footstep is lagging and weary,  
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of  
light,  
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the  
leaves?

Was it the moonlight, so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good bye!"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,  
The picket's off duty forever.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—  
That night, when the love yet unspoken,  
Leaped up to his lips and when low murmured  
vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

**When Other Friends are Round Thee.**

When other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine;  
When other bays have crowned thee,  
More fresh and green than mine:  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This bleeding heart will be;  
Which while it throbs, throbs only,  
Beloved one, for thee.

Nay, do not think I doubt thee;  
I know thy truth remains;  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Across life's troubled sea;  
Whatever fate betide me,  
This heart will cling to thee.

---

**I'll Hang My Harp on the Willow Tree.**

I'll hang my harp on the willow tree,  
And I'll off to the wars again,  
My peaceful home has no charms for me;  
The battle-field no pain.

The lady I love will soon be a bride,  
With a diadem on her brow.  
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride;  
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike Lord,  
And gave me a silken suit;  
I thought no more of my master's sword  
When I played on my master's lute.

She seemed to think me a boy above  
Her pages of low degree;  
Oh! had I but loved with a boyish love,  
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care:  
And I'll flush my pale cheek with wine:  
When smiles await the bridal pair,  
I'll hasten to give them mine.

I'll laugh and I'll sing though my heart may bleed,  
And I'll join in the festive train;  
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,  
And I'll off to the wars again.

---

### **Irish Emigrant's Lament.**

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright-May morning, long ago,  
When first you were my bride;  
The corn was springing fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high,  
And the red was on your lips, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye,



The place is little changed, Mary,  
And the day as bright as then;  
And the lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again.  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath warm on my cheek;  
And I still keep listening for the words  
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here.  
But the graveyard lies between; Mary,  
And my step might break your rest,  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary, kind and true,  
But I'll not forget you darling, in  
The land I'm going to.  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty-times as fair.

But often in those grand old woods,  
I'll sit and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies.  
And I'll think I see the little stile,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On the bright May morning long ago,  
When first you were my bride,



**Yellow Rose of Texas.**

There's a Yellow Rose in Texas that I am going to see,  
To other darkey knows her, no darkey only me;  
She cried so when I left her it like to broke me heart,  
And if I ever find her, we never more will part.

## CHORUS.

Se's the sweetest rose of color this darkey ever  
knew;  
He eyes are bright as diamons, they sparkle like the  
dew,  
Ya may talk aboutt your Dearest Mac, and sing of  
Rosey Lee,  
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Ten-  
nessee.

Were the Rio Grand is flowing, and the starry skies  
are bright,  
Sh walks along the river in the quiet summer night;  
Sh thinks, if I remember, when we parted long ago,  
I promised to come back again, and not leave her so.

## CHORUS.

Oh now I am going to find her, for my heart is full  
of woe;  
An we'll sing the song together that we sung so long  
ago;  
We'l play the banjo gaily, and we'll sing the songs of  
yore,  
And the Yellow Rose of Texas shall be mine forever-  
more,

## Cora Lee.

Years have fled since last I saw thee,  
 Standing in thy cottage door,  
 Ringlets bright as golden sunbeams,  
 Floating o'er thy pale young brow,  
 But thy smile is ever with me,  
 Though I'll see thee never more,  
 And thy form, ah! fancy's fair dreams,  
 Ne'er can bring one like thou.

### CHORUS.

Pale the moonbeams fall at even,  
 On the green turf over thee,  
 But thy gentle soul's in heaven,  
 Farewell, lost one, Cora Lee,

Cheeks as red as summer roses,  
 Eyes as blue as summer sky,  
 Now the willow sways its tresses,  
 O'er thy grave, dear Cora Lee,  
 And a heart whose wealth discloses,  
 Love gems sparkling in thine eye,  
 And at eve the dew drop nestles;  
 In the wild flowers o'er thee.

CHORUS.—Pale the moonbeams, &c.

Still thy voice, like music stealing,  
 Lingers round where last we met,  
 And I hear thee when I am sleeping,  
 Whisper, "thou canst ne'er forget,"

No pale marble gleams above her,  
 Yet how dear that spot to me,  
 Mem'ry wanders to thee ever,  
 "Angel stolen" Cora Lee.

### Old Bob Ridley.

A possum sot in a simmon tree,  
 A lookin cunnin down at me;  
 I took a rock, all on the sly,  
 And I hit him zip right in the eye!

*All* { Old Bob Ridley, Oh!  
 { Old Bob Ridley, Oh!  
 { Old Bob Ridley, Oh!  
 { How could you fool dat possum so?

#### CHORUS.

Oh! boys, come along and shuck dat corn,  
 Oh, boys come along to de rattle of de horn,  
 We'll shuck and sing till de coming of de morn,  
 And den we'll have a holiday.

I took him down to Polly Bell,  
 Because I know she'd cook him well;  
 She made a fry, and she made a stew,  
 An' a roast, an' a brile, an' a barbecue!

*All* { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
 { Oh! Oh! }  
 { Why didn't you let dese darkies know? }

CHORUS.—O boys, come along, &c.

When 'twas done I gin a call,  
 An' here come in de niggers all;  
 We trowed de dogs de head and feet,  
 An' nad a plenty left for us all to eat!

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
 { Oh! Oh! }  
 { We never have hear of de like before!

CHORUS.—O boys, come along, &c.

Old master say he never see  
 A possum half so fat as he!  
 We eat, and we danced, and we eat all night,  
 But we couldn't eat him all fore de mornin  
 light.

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
 { Oh! Oh! }  
 { Now do you tell dese darkies so!

CHORUS.—O, boys, come along, &c.

I got a half a dollar for his skin,  
 On which, next night, we frolic'd again,  
 And dat made Polly love me well,  
 An' a mighty purty gal was Polly Bell.

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (*Three times.*)  
 { Oh! Oh! }  
 { De next time we'll be sure to go.

CHORUS.—O boys, come along, &c.

Oh! Polly's lips, dey look so sweet  
~~Wine~~ <sup>has</sup> somefin nice to eat;  
 Dat possum's fat, an' ~~dat~~ possum's hide,  
 Dem was de fings made Polly my bride.

All { Old Bob Ridley, } (Three times.)  
 { Oh! Oh! }  
 { Polly is de Belle of de old banjo! }

CHORUS.—O boys, come along, &c.

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### Lily Dale.

'Twas a calm, clear night, and the moon's pale light  
 Shone soft o'er hill and vale,  
 When sad-hearted friends stood around the death-bed  
 Of my poor, sweet Lily Dale!

#### CHORUS.

O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale!  
 Now the wild roses wave o'er her little green grave,  
 'Neath the trees in the blooming vale!

Like a fair flower white, on that sad, still night,  
 Swept by some icy gale,  
 On her couch of snow, in her beauty bright,  
 Lay my dear, sweet Lily Dale!

CHORUS.—O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

"I go," and she smiled, as we wept o'er the ~~end~~,  
 "To that sinless, happy vale,  
 Where a kind hand shall wipe all pain from the brow  
 Of your poor, dear Lily Dale!"

CHORUS.—O, Lily! pale Lily! sweet Lily Dale! &c.

The moon went down 'neath the forest brown,  
 And the stars grew dim and pale,  
 And the death smile wreathed the white, cold lips,  
 Of my poor, lost Lily Dale!

CHORUS.—O, Lily! sweet Lily! dear Lily Dale! &c.

Where the flowers bloom o'er her lonely tomb,  
 'Neath the trees of the leafy vale;  
 Sweetly sleepeth in peace, while the bright birds sing  
 My loved, my dear Lily Dale!

CHORUS—O, Lily! pale Lily! lost Lily Dale! &c.

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### Dearest Mae.

Now, darkies, come and listen, a story I'll relate,  
 It happened in a valley in the old Carolina State.  
 It was down in the meadow I used to make the hay;  
 I always work the harder when I think of lovely Ma

CHORUS.

Oh, dearest Mae, you're lovely as the day,  
 Your eyes so bright, they shine at night,  
 When the moon am gone away,

My massa give me holiday, I wish he'd give me more,  
I thanked him very kindly as I shoved my boat from  
shore,  
And down the river paddled, with a heart so light and  
free,  
To the cottage of my lovely Mae, I long'd so much to  
see.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

On the bank of the river, where the <sup>4</sup> trees they hang  
so low,  
When the coons among the branches play, and the  
minx he keeps below,  
Oh! there is the spot, and Mae, she looks so very  
sweet,  
Her eyes they sparkle like the stars, and her lips are  
red as beet.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

Beneath the shady old oak tree, I've sat for many an  
hour,  
As happy as the little bird that sports among the  
flowers;  
But dearest Mae, I left her; she cried when both we  
parted,  
I gave her a long and farewell kiss, and back to massa  
started.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

My master then was taken sick, and poor old man he  
died,  
And I was sold, way down below, close by the river  
side;

When lovely Mac did hear the news, she withered like  
 a flower,  
 And now lies low, beneath the tree where the owl hoots  
 every hour.

CHORUS.—Oh, dearest Mae, &c.

### Three Cheers for our Jack Morgan.

The snow is in the cloud,  
 And night is gathering o'er us,  
 The winds are piping loud,  
 And fan the blaze before us.  
 Then join the jovial band,  
 And tune the vocal organ;  
 And with a will, we'll all join in,  
 Three cheers for our Jack Morgan.

#### CHORUS.

Gather round the camp-fire;  
 Our duty has been done;  
 Let's gather round the camp fire;  
 And have a little fun;  
 Let's gather round the camp-fire;  
 Our duty has been done,  
 'Twas done upon the battle field,  
 Three cheers for our Jack Morgan.

Jack Morgan is his name,  
 The fearless and the lucky;  
 No dastard foe can tame.  
 The son of old Kentucky.



His heart is with his State,  
He fights for Southern freedom;  
His men their General's word await,  
They'll go where he will lead 'em.

CHORUS.—Gather round the camp-fire, &c.

He swore to free his home,  
To burst her chains asunder,  
With sound of trump and drum,  
And loud Confederate thunder;  
And in the darksome night,  
By light of homestead burning,  
He'll put the skulking foe to flight,  
Their hearts to wailings turning.

CHORUS.—Gather round the camp-fire, &c.

The dungeon dark and cold  
Could not his body prison,  
Nor tame a spirit bold  
That o'er reverse had risen;  
Then sing the song of joy,  
Our toast be lovely woman,  
And Morgan he's the gallant boy  
To plague the hated foeman!

CHORUS.—Gather round the camp-fire, etc.

**Annie of the Vale.***By R. W. Swinney.*

The moments are dreary,  
 I'm lonely and weary,  
 Sighing for thy soft, sweet, melting voice;  
 I love thee so fondly,  
 Without thee I'm lonely,  
 For in this world thou art mine only choice.

## CHORUS.

Come, come, come! love, come!  
 Come, ere the night-torches pale;  
 O, rise in thy duty, thou marvel of beauty,  
 Dear Annie, sweet Annie of the vale.

I go forth to battle,  
 'Mid the clash and rattle  
 Of musketry and cannons' sullen roar;  
 They cannot defeat us,  
 The Lord will assist us—  
 We'll conquer, or we'll welter in our gore.

CHORUS.—Come, come, come, &amp;c.,

If, then, love, I'm lying  
 Wounded and dying;  
 If on the field of carnage I am slain,  
 The spirit of thy lover  
 Around thee will hover—  
 In heaven he'll hope to meet thee, love again.

CHORUS.—Come, come, come, &amp;c.

**Dixie, the Land of King Cotton.**

Oh, Dixie! the land of King Cotton,  
The home of the brave and the free;  
A nation by Freedom begotten,  
The terror of despots to be.  
Wherever thy banner is streaming,  
Base tyranny quails at thy feet;  
And Liberty's sunlight is beaming  
In splendor of majesty sweet.

## CHORUS

Then three cheers for our army so true,  
Three cheers for our President too;  
May our banner triumphantly wave  
Over Dixie, the land of the brave!

When Liberty sounds her war rattle,  
Demanding her right and her due;  
The first land that rallies to battle  
Is Dixie, the home of the true.  
Thick as leaves of the forest in summer,  
Her brave sons will rise on each plain;  
And then strike till each Vandal comer  
Lies dead on the soil he would stain.

CHORUS.—Then three cheers for our army, &c.

May the names of the dead that we cherish,  
Fill memory's cup to the brim;  
May the laurels we've won never perish,  
Nor our stars of their glory grow dim.

May the States of the South never sever,  
 But companions of Freedom e'er be;  
 May they flourish Confed'rate forever,  
 The boast of the brave and the free.

CHORUS.—Three cheers for our army, &c.

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### No one to Love.

No one to love, none to caress,  
 Roaming alone through this world's wilderness,  
 Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,  
 For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone,  
 No gentle voice, no tender smile,  
 Makes me rejoice, or cares beguile.

#### CHORUS.

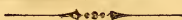
No one to love, none to caress,  
 Roaming alone through this world's wilderness,  
 Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,  
 For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.

In dreams alone, loved ones I see,  
 And well-known voices then whisper to me;  
 Sighing, I wake, waking I weep:  
 Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep.  
 Oh, blissful rest! what heart would stay,  
 Unloved, unblest'd, from heaven away?

CHORUS.—No one to love, none to caress, &c.

No one to love, none to caress,  
 None to respond to this heart's tenderness!  
 Trusting I wait: God in his love  
 Promises rest in his mansions above:  
 Oh, bliss in store, oh, joy mine own,  
 There never more to weep alone!

CHORUS.—No one to love, none to caress, &c.



### Why no One to Love.

No one to love in this beautiful world,  
 Full of warm hearts and bright beaming eyes?  
 Where is the lone heart that nothing can find,  
 That is lovely beneath the blue skies.

No one to love!

No one to love!

Why no one to love?

What have you done in this beautiful world,  
 That you're sighing of no one to love?

Dark is the soul that has nothing to dwell on!

How sad must its brightest hours prove!

Lonely the dull brooding spirit must be,

That has no one to cherish and love.

No one to love!

No one to love!

Why no one to love?

What have you done in this beautiful world,  
 That you're sighing of no one to love?

Many a fair one that dwells on the earth  
Who would greet you with kind words of cheer,  
Many who gladly would join in your pleasures  
Or share in your grief with a tear.

No one to love!

No one to love!

Why no one to love?

Where have you roam'd in this beautiful world,  
That you're sighing of no one to love?



### **The Southern Cross.**

Oh! say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,  
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation,  
Like the symbol of love, and redemption, its form,  
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.  
How radiant each star, as they beacon afar,  
Giving promise of peace or assurance in war.  
'Tis the cross of the South which shall ever remain,  
To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,  
'Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,  
Which lurks under Virtue, and springs from its coil,  
To fasten its fangs in the life blood of freemen.  
Then loudly appeal, to each heart that can feel,  
And crush the foul Viper 'neath Liberty's heel;  
And the Cross of the South shall for ever remain,  
To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day star of hope ;  
 Like the sacred Labarum, which guided the Roman,  
 From the shores of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,  
 'Tis the trust of the Free and the terror of Foemen.  
 Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare,  
 The rights we demand, or the deeds that we dare ;  
 And the Cross of the South shall forever remain,  
 To light us to Freedom and Glory again.

But if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,  
 And war's bloody vulture should flap his black pin-  
 ions,

Then gladly to arms ! while we hurl in our pride,  
 Defiance to Tyrants, and death to their minions ;  
 With our front to the field, swearing never to  
 yield,

Or return like the Spartan, in death on our shield,  
 And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly  
 wave,

As the flag of the Free, or the pall of the brave.

---

### No Surrender.

Ever constant, ever true,

Let the word be, no Surrender  
 Boldly dare and greatly do !

They shall bring us safely through,

No Surrender ! no surrender !

And though fortune's smiles be few,

Hope is always springing new.

Still inspiring me and you,

With a magic, no Surrender !



Nail the colors to the mast,  
Shouting gladly, no Surrender ;  
Troubles near are all but past ;  
Serve them as you did the last.  
No surrender ! no surrender !  
Though the skies be overcast,  
And upon the sleety blast,  
Disappointments gather fast,  
Beat them off with no surrender !

Constant and courageous still,  
Mind, the word is, No Surrender !  
Battle, tho' it be up hill,  
Stagger not at seeming ill,  
No Surrender ! no Surrender,  
Hope, and thus your hope fulfil,  
There's a way, where there's a will,  
And the way all cares to kill,  
Is to give them No Surrender,

---

### **Drummer Boy of Shiloh.**

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,  
The dead and wounded lay,  
Amongst them was a drummer boy,  
That beat the drum that day.  
A wounded soldier raised him up,  
His drum was by his side,  
He clasped his hands and raised his eyes  
And prayed before he died.  
He clasped his hands and raised his eyes  
And prayed before he died.



Look down upon the battle field,  
Oh Thou, our Heav'nly friend,  
Have mercy on our sinful souls,  
The soldiers cried, "Amen."  
For gather'd round a little group,  
Each brave man knelt and cried,  
They listen'd to the drummer boy  
Who prayed before he died,  
They listen'd to the drummer boy,  
Who prayed before he died.

"Oh Mother!" said the dying boy,  
"Look down from Heav'n on me,  
Receive me to thy fond embrace,  
Oh take me home to thee.  
I've loved my country as my God,  
To serve them both I've tried,"—  
He smiled, shook hands, death seized the boy  
Who prayed before he died,  
He smiled, shook hands, death seized the boy,  
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept then like a child,  
Stout hearts were they and brave;  
The flag his winding sheet, God's book  
The key unto his grave.  
They wrote upon a simple board  
These words, "This is a guide  
To those who mourn the drummer boy  
Who prayed before he died,  
To those who mourn the drummer boy  
Who prayed before he died."

**Who will Care for Mother now?**

Why am I so weak and weary?  
 See! how faint my heated breath,  
 All around to me seems darkness;  
 'Tell me, comrades, is this death?  
 Ah! how well I know your answer;  
 To my fate I meekly bow;  
 If you'll only tell me truly,  
 Who will care for Mother now?

## CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
 With bright laurels on my brow;  
 I have for my country fallen!  
 Who will care for Mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?  
 Who will dry the falling tear?  
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead;  
 Who will whisper words of cheer?  
 Even now, I think I see her,  
 Kneeling, praying for me! how  
 Can I leave her in her anguish?  
 Who will care for Mother now?  
 CHORUS.—Soon with angels I'll, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
 And my mantle be the sky;  
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle,  
 I will like a soldier die.  
 Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
 With bright laurels on my brow;  
 I have for my country fallen,  
 Who will care for Mother now?  
 CHORUS.—Soon with angels, &c.

**When this Cruel War is Over.**

Dearest one, do you remember  
When we last did meet?  
When you told me how you loved me,  
Kneeling at my feet?  
Oh! how proud you stood before me,  
In your suit of grey,  
When you vowed from me and country  
Ne'er to go astray.

## CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,  
Sighs and tears how vain;  
When this cruel war is over,  
Praying then to meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing  
Mournfully along,  
Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
Sadly breathes the song,  
Oft in dreams I see you lying  
On the battle plain,  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.

If amid the din of battle  
Nobly you should fall,  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear your call,  
Who would whisper words of comfort?  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah! the many cruel fancies,  
Ever in my brain!

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.

But our country called you, loved one,  
 Angels guide your way;  
 While our "Southern Boys" are fighting,  
 We can also pray.  
 When you strike for God and freedom,  
 Let all the nations see  
 How you love our Southern banner,  
 Emblem of the free!  
 CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.

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### On to Glory.

Sons of Freedom! on to glory!  
 Go where brave men *do or die*;  
 Let your names in future story  
 Gladden every patriot's eye:  
 'Tis your country calls you, hasten!  
 Backward hurl the invading foe:  
 Freemen! never think of danger,  
 To the glorious battle go.

Oh! remember gallant Jackson,  
 Single-handed in the fight,  
 Death blows dealt the fierce marauder,  
 For his liberty and right,  
 Tho' he fell beneath their thousands,  
 Who that covets not his fame?  
 Grand and glorious, brave and noble,  
 Henceforth shall be Jackson's name.

Sons of Freedom! can you linger,  
 When you hear the battle's roar,  
 Fondly dallying with your pleasures  
 When the foe is at your door?

Never, no! we fear no idlers,  
"Death or Freedom's" now the cry,  
Till the STARS and BARS triumphant  
Spread their folds to every eye.

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### Ellen Bayne.

Soft be thy slumbers!  
Rude cares depart!  
Visions in numbers  
Cheer thy young heart!  
Dream on while bright hours  
And fond hopes remain,  
Blooming, like smiling flowers,  
For thee, Ellen Bayne!  
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,  
Dreams of beauty round thee bide,  
While I linger by thy side;  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Dream not in anguish,  
Dream not in fear.  
Love shall not languish—  
Fond ones are near.  
Sleeping or waking,  
In pleasure or pain,  
Warm hearts will beat for thee,  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!  
Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,  
Dreams of beauty round thee bide,  
While I linger by thy side,  
Sweet Ellen Bayne!

Scenes that have vanished  
 Smile on thee now—  
 Pleasures, once banished,  
 Play round thy brow—  
 Forms long departed,  
 Greet thee again,  
 Soothing thy dreaming heart,  
 Sweet Ellen Bayne !  
 Gentle slumbers o'er thee glide,  
 Dreams of beauty round thee bide,  
 While I linger by thy side,  
 Sweet Ellen Bayne !

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### **Rosa Lee or Don't be Foolish, Joe.**

When I lived in Tennessee,  
 U-li, a li, o-la, ee,  
 There lived, too, sweet Rosa Lee  
 U-li, a li, o-la, ee.  
 Eyes as dark as winter night,  
 Lips as red as berry bright,  
 When first I did her wooing go,  
 She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe !  
 U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.  
 Happy then in Tennessee,  
 U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
 'Neath the wild Banana tree.

My story yet is to be told,  
 U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
 Rosa one day caught a cold,  
 U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
 Sent for doctor, sent for nurse.

Doctor came, and she grew worse,  
I tried to make her smile, but no,  
She said, Now don't be foolish, Joe!

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
Sad was I in Tennessee,  
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
'Neath the wild Banana tree.

They gave her up, no power could save,

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.  
She whispered, Follow to the grave.  
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee.

I took her hand, twas cold as death,  
So cold, I scarce could draw my breath,  
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,  
Then said, Farewell, my dearest Joe!

U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
Rosa sleeps in Tennessee,  
U-li, a-li, o-la, ee,  
'Neath the wild Banana tree.



### Aunt Jemima's Plaster,

Aunt Jemima, she was old,  
But very kind and clever;  
She had a notion of her own  
That she would marry never.  
She said that she would live in peace,  
And she would be her master;  
She made her living day by day  
By selling of a plaster.



CHORUS.

Sheepskin and beeswax  
Make this awful plaster;  
The more you try to take it off,  
The more it sticks the faster.

She had a sister, very tall,  
And if she'd kept on growing,  
She might have been a giant now,  
In fact there is no knowing;  
All of a sudden she became  
Of her own height the master,  
And all because upon each foot  
Jemima put a plaster.

CHORUS.—Sheepskin and beeswax, &c.

Her neighbor had a Thomas cat  
That eat like any glutton;  
It never caught a mouse or rat,  
But stole both milk and mutton;  
To keep it home she tried her best,  
But never could be its master,  
Until she stuck it to the floor  
With Aunt Jemima's plaster.

CHORUS.—Sheepskin and beeswax, &c.

Now if you have a dog or cat,  
A husband, wife, or lover,  
That you would wish to keep at home,  
This plaster just discover;  
And if you wish to live in peace,  
Avoiding all disaster,  
Take my advice, and try the strength  
Of Aunt Jemima's plaster;

CHORUS.—Sheepskin and beeswax



**Her Bright Eyes Haunt Me Still.**

'Tis years since last we met,  
And we may not meet again;  
I have struggled to forget,  
But the struggle was in vain,  
For her voice lives on the breeze,  
And her spirit comes at will,  
In the midnight, on the seas;  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

'Tis first sweet dawn of light,  
When I gaze upon the deep,  
Her form still greets my sight,  
While the stars their vigils keep;  
When I close mine aching eyes,  
Sweet dreams my senses fill,  
And when from sleep I rise,  
Her bright smile haunts me still!

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,  
I have trod the desert path,  
I have seen the storm arise  
Like a giant in his wrath;  
Every danger I have known,  
That a reckless life can fill,  
Yet her presence is not flown,  
Her bright smile haunts me still.

### Star of the Evening.

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,  
Sottly falls thy silvery light,  
As thou movest from earth afar,  
Star of the evening, beautiful star!

CHORUS.—Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's ear thou seem'st to say,  
"Follow me, come from earth away;  
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,  
To realms of love beyond the sky."

CHORUS.—To realms of love, &c.

Shine on, O star of love divine,  
And may your soul's affections twine  
Around thee, as thou mov'st afar,  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!

CHORUS.—Star of the twilight, &c.

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